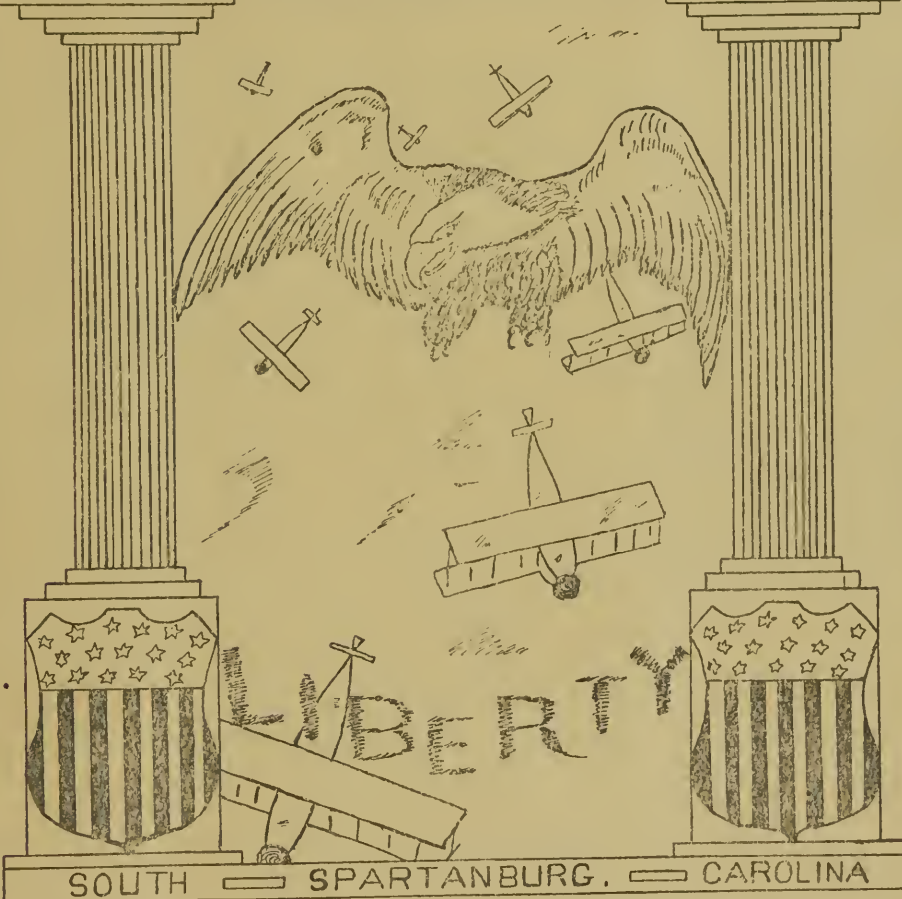


June 19, 1919.

BIAND-FORYU

PUB. SEMI-MONTHLY. U.S. ARMY GEN. HOSP NO. 42 BY THE ENLISTED MEN.



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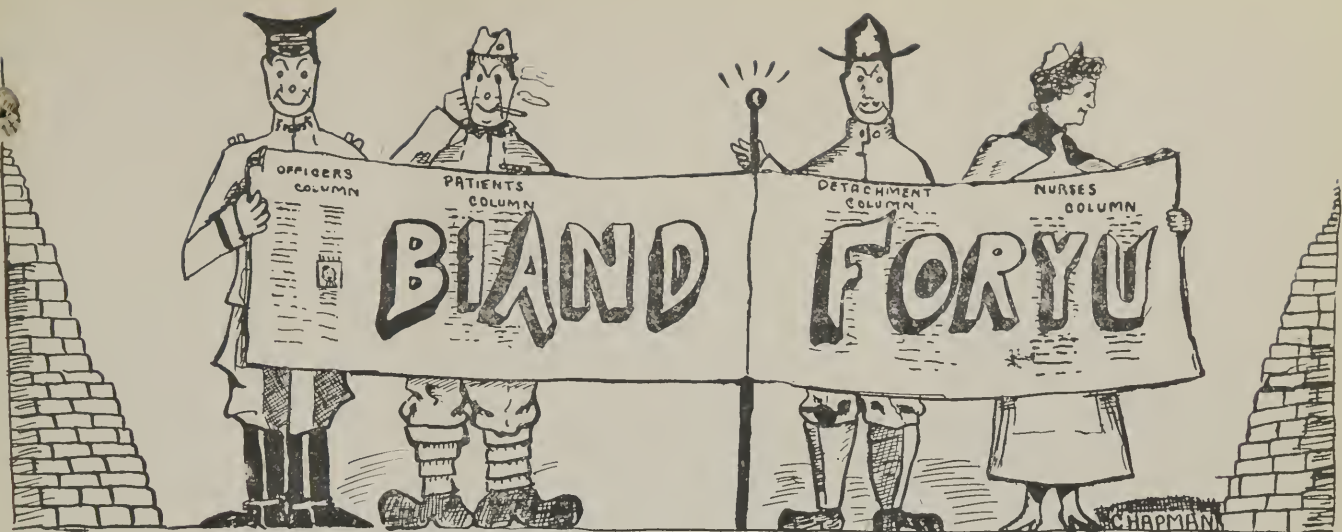
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SPARTANBURG, S. C.



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Vol. 1. No. 4.

June 19, 1919

Price 5 Cents

July Fourth Celebration.

THE coming Fourth of July promises to be one not to be soon forgotten by the men who are in the service at this hospital.

The committee for arrangements is Sergeant Sykes, Sergeant Carty, Sergeant Guglielmo, Sergeant Thompson, Cook Schmelz, Corporal Probst, Private Tow, and all members of the various Welfare organizations under the direction of the Field Directors of the Red Cross.

From present indications the celebration will be a big day for Spartanburg County as well as for the personnel of the hospital. Prizes worth while will be offered.

Watch the Hospital Daily News for further information. A program will also be printed as soon as possible.

Good music and good eats will be one of the features.

Go Easy.

Before many weeks go by, a number of patients now at this hospital will either be discharged or return to duty. The ward surgeon then will have completed his duty in making you practically a well man. Your responsibility starts where his stops, and it is up to YOU to see that you do not relapse into carelessness that will eventually bring you back into the hospital.

You need not go around looking like a broken down Ford missing on two cylinders. Enthusiasm will not hurt you; in fact it is essential to your happiness, but keep your hand on the throttle and don't turn it on too strong.

There are many things that you can do, and there are some things that you cannot do, so be careful that you do not aim at marks that your physical artillery cannot reach. There will be positions awaiting you that will not conflict with your physical condition if you take the trouble to look for them. Don't try to do the work of a giant, for you cannot do it---but you can do a man's work if you go easy.---Anon.

Hospital Team Plays League Ball.

Number 42 played their first league game on Saturday, June 7th, at Clifton, S. C., with the Clifton nine, the score being 6 to 2 in favor of Clifton, making the first defeat for the hospital nine. Bebbler, one of the hospital twirlers, pitched a good game until the sixth inning, when he was replaced by Schaub, who held the winning team for the remainder of the game without one hit. The hospital nine found it hard going playing on a hilly ground, and some remarks were made by the spectators for someone to find the fielders as they were down in the valley somewhere.

On Saturday, June 14th, a return game was played on the hospital ball grounds, and again the hospital nine met with defeat, score being 6 to 0. Bricker started the game and showed some good work until the sixth inning when Captain Bowman replaced Bricker and held the win-

ning team from scoring. Manager Henschel and George Schmelz, captain of the hospital nine, have decided to make a few changes on the team which they promise will strengthen the team. McClancy one of the players who broke his wrist during a practice game some weeks ago, will be in uniform again and will help to strengthen the infield a good deal.

Thanks Hospital.

A letter was recently received by the Commanding Officer from a patient transferred, thanking all the hospital personnel for the many kind acts tendered while here as a patient. Such letters of appreciation speak well for this hospital and all connected therewith. Keep up the good work.

More Men Discharged

Sgt. 1cl. Fred J. Karl, and Pvt. 1cl. Leo Schmalzbacks, Jacoc Neu, William Weinberger and Vincent DeBenedetto were discharged on June 19th.

Announcement

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Ice Tea, Sandwiches

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Best Quality Ice Cream and Sodas


Rex Theatre Bldg.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Oh - h - h !! Says The Voice

From the Morgue

By D. E. D.

VENING closed on a crisp, October day. The "flu" was at its height. All over the states, people trembled for the fear of its deadliness. Soldiers and sailors, as well as civilians, were stricken. Despite the efforts of the heroic Medical Corps, the serpent of pestilence hissed.

I was in the morgue, not a pleasant place, but no one knows except those closely connected with those days, the long tedious, nerve-racking hours I put in. One after one, my fellow soldiers were brought in. Here and there I saw the upturned face of one to whom I had spoken but a few days ago. You know it isn't quite so bad when you do not know them, but when they have slept in the same barrack with you and only a few bunks away then 'tis when it hits you hard.

On the day I started to tell you about, it seemed that more than the ordinary number had checked in. A local man was doing the undertaking. He worked like a demon. One after the other he shaved, combed their hair the way he thought it ought to be, and then to finish the job drove the sickening formalin solution coursing madly through the veins. It was a wonder to me that the dead ones did not rise up in protest. But not a word. A little trickle of blood oozed out of a razor scratch on one of the pale yellow faces. Not a one whimpered. The half closed eyes had a habit of picking up the light from the electric bulbs and reflecting it in a ghostly manner.

One after the other the "stiffs" were put under the mechanical hands of the fast working undertaker. All day he had rushed. His nerves were on needles ends. His features

twitched as if in rebellion as he started on a new one. But the bodies had to be put onto trains; and it meant money to him.

Along about ten o'clock the general mess sent him a lunch which he gulped like a starved animal, and no sooner had he wiped away the crumbs from the corners of his mouth than he had picked up his razor and started again. I grew weary, but as long as this man in black stayed, I had to stick also.

At last all of those in the morgue were taken care of. It would not be long before morning. With one hand on his hip and with the other hand supporting a cigarette, the undertaker coolly and with satisfaction viewed his miracles. Then he sat down on the corner of the marble slab as if waiting the coming of another. Happily for me none others came. He told me I could go. I was ready to go, you can believe me. Feverish sleep was all that I had had in nights gone by. I was not used to the dead. I had not become hardened to it. This night I crawled back to the barracks, and without undressing, I sank into a heavy sleep.

The undertaker doubled up his coat to serve as a pillow. Morning would soon come, and the undertaker being long at his work had no qualms about being with the dead. I often wonder how long it took the undertaker to overcome that innate fear of the dead which most of us have. That fear which makes us run by cemeteries; especially on dark nights.

A few hours had passed. Another soldier had given up the fight. The men on nights by force of duty got down to their tasks. The body still warm and limp, was carried out of the ward

to the ambulance waiting at the runway. The motor sputtered, missed fire, whizzed and then with a jerk; started out for the morgue. The night was as dark as pitch. The moon was having a night out; I have a hunch the stars were with the moon. Soon the ambulance drew up before the morgue. No word had been spoken. Without a command the orderlies jumped out from their positions on the bus and drew out the stretcher. The driver opened the door of the morgue. The men entered.

A clammy, sweetish, nauseating odor floated against them. It was one of those smells you can almost reach out your hand and touch. Going into the place, both of the men were seized and overcome with that fear which all who are unaccustomed to handling the dead are bathed in. Cold sweat beaded their foreheads. Once inside, they paused; they stopped still; they listened; they held their breath. The regular breathing of a human was unmistakable. The driver of the ambulance whispered at them from the doorway where he remained, "What's a matter with you guys." The whisper startled them into consciousness of their whereabouts and so they pressed in further.

They were setting the litter down. One of the orderlies brushed against the table on which the undertaker had worked. The hollowness of the building made a perfect resonating chamber for the noise. In the quietness of the wee hours of the morning it seemed as if all the dead had suddenly come to life. The men straightened up from their bent position and turned to tip-toe out of the morgue, but on the cement floor their footsteps were echoed and re-echoed. Like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky rang out in the darkness---

"What the H---L are you doing there?"

When the sun showed itself over the long stretch of pines in the east, it made a shadow of the ambulance on the ground near the morgue. When I came to work then a few hours following the undertaker laughing heartily over his night's experience.

Vacations Not Encouraged.

Training for returned soldiers is made intensive and as nearly continuous as possible in order that full wage-earning employment may be secured as early as expedient. For this reason the Federal Board for Vocational Educational does encourage vacations for men taking re-educational courses. However, some men are being trained in institutions where courses cannot be arranged during vacation periods, and in addition the physical condition of some men demand a rest period. These two classes of men are allowed, during such vacation periods, the same payments to which they are entitled while in actual attendance upon their courses. The Board, however, will encourage men whose physical condition permits, to continue their training during the months the schools and colleges are closed, by engaging in some occupation related to the formal training courses they are pursuing. Men who are being trained on the job will be allowed no vacation with pay, unless their physical condition, according to the advice of a medical officer, requires it.

Rightway Klothes Kleaning Co. Headquarters for Men in Service

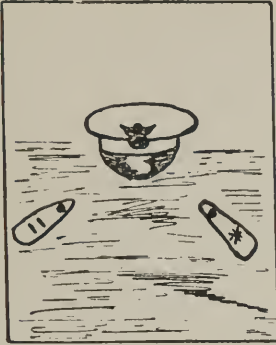
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Recent Additions.

Maj. E. C. Major, assigned here from Camp Jackson, S. C. Major Major was with the 6th Division in France, first in the training areas, and for two months in the Vosges Mountains; later was in the Argonne, the troops being reserve troops and moving up into the front line trenches on the day of the armistice. At this time the Major was director of field hospitals for the division. Before going overseas, the Major was at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. in epidemiological work under Major Soper.

Capt. S. O. Turner, M. C., assigned here from Camp Bowie, Texas, where he has been on duty for the past ten months. Captain Turner is at present Acting Chief of the Surgical Service.

Lt. C. M. Mann, assigned here from Camp Jackson, S. C., where he has been on duty for the past eight months. Lieutenant Mann has been assigned to the Medical Service.

Those On Leave.

Major Watterson, Chief of the Medical Service, is on leave to attend the meetings of the American Medical Society at Atlantic City, N.J., June 14th, 15th, and 16th.

Capt. Charles Herrmann, M. C., is on leave to attend the meetings of the American Medical Society at Atlantic City.

Capt. Frank Holt, S. C., has been granted twenty days leave of absence.

Capt. S. C. Buck, M. C., Chief of the Surgical Service, is on fifteen days leave.

Lt. R. A. Raynes, D. C., is on fifteen days leave.

Lts. Julius Goldstein, J. L. Stringfellow and C. L. Moore have returned from the West, after attending patients transferred to other hospitals.

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Ready-To-Wear Millinery and Dry Goods*

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.



We Want to Tell "You All"—



On June 12th Master Hosp. Sgt. Percy Tanner, and Hosp. Sgt. N. B. Mondloch were discharged to re-enlist for service with the Army of Occupation. Sergeant Mondloch left on the 16th for a thirty day furlough.

Sgt. Walter Hicks and Pvt. 1st C. Frank Harrison have returned from Fort Bayard, N.M. and Pvt. 1st C. Alfred Birkland and Wm. Trumbore are back from Whipple Barracks, Ariz.

Sgt. Harry Kingsbury left on the 14th for New Britain, Conn.

Corp. A. B. Andrews and Pvt. 1st C. E. J. Gover and Antonio Antoni have gone home on furloughs.

Hosp. Sgt. C. R. James and Sgt. 1st C. V. Jencks left on the 9th to visit their respective homes in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Pvt. 1st C. Joseph Novick and Pvt. Charlie Swift are on a trip to San Antonio, Texas.

Sgt. John Hughes and Pvt. 1st C. R. B. Diack have taken some patients to Hampton, Va.

Sgt. 1st C. Chas. W. Pearson, of the Reconstruction Department is on a 15-day furlough.

Sgt. Dale Winterbourne, of the Reconstruction Department has been promoted to Sergeant 1st Class; Pvt. 1st Class Robert B. Galleher, also of the Reconstruction Department, has been promoted to Sergeant.

Chas. A. Moss

Wholesale and Retail

Florist

If you have sympathy for a friend,
Say it with flowers;---

If a message of love to send,
Just say it with flowers;---

If you would spread good will and cheer,
Come and buy your flowers here.

Spartanburg, S. C.

Sgts. 1cl. Warren S. Swett and Louis H. Platt left on June 5th for Sergeant Swett's home in Maine. They have just returned.

Corp. Wm. Fitzgerald and Pvt. M. Ginsberg are back on duty after a 15-day furlough.

Pvt. 1st C. Philip Daly is on a trip to Fresno, Cal., where he will visit friends, after discharging his official duties.

Pvt. 1st C. Fred Webster visited Fort McPherson, Ga., as an attendant to a patient on June 6th.

Pvt. L. Galanter recently returned from a trip to Camilla, Ga.

Corp. F. F. Link was appointed sergeant June 7th.

Sgt. Joseph Peele spent a few days in Columbia last week.

Private 1cl. W. Fuchs and Michael Klein and Harold Brockman have returned from a furlough in York New City.

Sgt. Robert Galleher, Pvts. 1cl. Robert Keller, Joseph Novick and Pvt. John Fanning have returned from furlough.

Corp. Lionel Crocker left on the 8th to spend 15 days at his home in Michigan.

Sgt. 1cl. Horace B. Rainville received his warrant as hospital sergeant on June 4th.

Men who have been discharged during the past week are: Sgt. Wm. Watson, Sgt. Albert De Long, Corp. Wm. O. Leftwich, Pvts. 1st C. Bare, Blake, Dirlam, Head, Faith, Hoffman, Kovatch, Sada, Schulze, Stevens, Smith, and Pvts. Fry, Owensby and Queeno.

Corp. A. B. Walsworth and Pvt. 1st C. Adam L. Tow recently escorted some patient nurses to U. S. Army General Hospital No. 19, Oteen, N. C.

Pvt. Henry Graff recently returned from a trip to Dumbarton, S. C.

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SEE OUR LARGE assortment of popular priced Waist Seam Suits.
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GOLDBERG'S on the Square.
Spartanburg, S. C.

The Knight Of No Man's Land.

Dying alone in "No Man's Land,"
 While the shells go shrieking by;
 Wounded in France by a Prussian hand,
 Under a foreign sky.
 Where are the friends who bravely fell,
 Wounded and dying by shrapnel and shell,
 Way out in "No Man's Land."

Mother and father safe at home,
 Far from the din of "No Man's Land."
 Cannot hear the shriek and moan
 Of the million cannon band.
 They don't hear the soldier's cry?
 Thirsty and bleeding, lying in muck and sand,
 Far out in "No Man's Land."

But God is out in "No Man's Land,"
 Coming to help is a dauntless band,
 Who'll give no quarter,
 While all night the star shells fall,
 And the clouds of black smoke roll,
 Lying out in "No Man's Land" under a leaden
 sky.

They carried him in from "No Man's Land,"
 To a hospital far back of the lines,
 Where Doctors and Nurses tried and true,
 Did all that human aid can do,
 With the strength of love divine,
 And they coaxed his spirit back.

Home and dear ones waiting for him,
 Wounded and weary and homesick too;
 Cheering crowds welcome him home again, but
 he thinks of the fallen few;
 How nobly they fought and nobly died,
 How many a Mother's joy and pride
 Went out in "No Man's Land."

---Sue B. Jenkins, A.N.C.

His Reason.

First Rube: How did you happen to name
 Ben McDuff?

Second Rube: So that I can say "Lay on,
 McDuff."---Pelican.

Retraining Disabled Soldiers For Commercial Occupations.

Washington, May 26.---Commercial occupations, as bookkeeping, clerical work, stenography and telegraphy, appeal to discharged men who have a good general education and who are willing to devote a few months to intensive courses of training. Positions may be secured in a reasonably short time after beginning study, while those who are more ambitious; with better educational background may become accountants, advertisers, secretaries, insurance salesmen, bankers or office managers by continuing their training in evening schools.

More than 1,200 discharged soldiers are being trained in these courses in business schools and colleges. It is the policy of the Federal Board for Vocational Education to utilize existing schools rather than to organize new schools for the purpose which is their privilege under the Act. Many of these schools have had experience in training handicapped men and are proving valuable aids in the work with wounded soldiers.

These courses are being given at this hospital, and patients interested may report to Reconstruction Headquarters.

Polygamy.

When you meet
 A wonder
 At a dance.
 And the next day,
 You call
 On an old, old friend
 Who is very sweet to you.
 And the day after that
 You get a letter
 From an awfully nice
 Little girl.
 Oh boy! Don' you wish you were a Mormon?
 ---Record.

Two Years in the Army.

By J. J. Taylor.

When I was in the infantry, I thought 'twas
mighty fine,
The drills were very light you see and I
had a wonderful time;
But when my outfit started over toward the
Rhine
They said we'll transfer this man, for he
can't do double time.
They thought it would be the same to me, so
they put me in the "Base,"
And when I landed over here, I thought it
was some place.
Now this is what they said to me, I thought it
was a joke,
You're an orderly in 28 and remember you
can't smoke.

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J. E. THOMAS, Mgr.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

The wardmaster pointed out some "ducks" and
a "battleship" or two,
And said, "If these guys holler, you'll
know just what to do."

The nurse walked in just then and said, "I guess
this chap's alright"
But she'll never know my thoughts of the
place that night.

I came around the next a. m., it was a quarter to
nine,
And found that every "battleship" was
standing there in line;

Just then Friend Nurse spotted me and believe
me I got mine,
Said she, "This is not the place where you
come in at nine,"

Another thing t'would be good dope to have this
man turned in,
I'll tell the good old captain, and let him
tend to him.

There are two sides to a story and only "one" is
true;

Don't argue with a nurse if you know what's
good for you;

Now if I only could be sure that my job was
through,
I'd wish for my discharge and say so-long
to you;

And though they're times when I feel blue and
rave and cuss and damn;

I'll work and smile and wait awhile cause I
belong to Uncle Sam.

The Solution.

Tired Detachment Man (after wrestling
vainly with a piece of meat): "Looka here!
How am I going to cut this meat."

Bored K. P. "Aw put yer foot on it and
growl."



The Song of a Modern Solomon

Lo my daughter I have parted with my appendix, and my conscience is clear. Therefore I fear but three things in all the world:

The first is a mouse,
And the second is embonpoint,
And the third is a little trained nurse.

In her smile there lurketh more danger than in all St. Anthony's fire in one bundle, and how shall a weak man escape. Yea she getteth in her fine work when he is down and out; and what chance hath a damsel at a pink tea beside one of these.

Upon her head she weareth a cute little cap as a halo.

She walketh upon heels of velvet.

She cooeth unto him with the voice of a love; he yearneth to be comforted, and she comforteth him. He longeth to be babied, and she babyeth him. She batheth his brow with spikenard, and annointeth him with alcohol; lo Mariam is alright, but a wife was never like this.

O ye of little faith, ye will put your gold and silver behind bars of iron, and will trust your beloved to the keeping of one of them.

Yea the Lorelei is passe and witches are no more; but a little trained nurse is a dangerous thing; Selah!

A. N. C. Notes

The dancing and card parties will, for the present be discontinued, except when especially arranged for.

A number of the nurses enjoyed a very pleasant picnic party to Greenville, on Thursday, June 12th.

The following nurses are enjoying leaves of absence: Misses Del Rosso, Nailen, Cage, Graham, Hexter and Johnson.

Miss Royer, of House 40, is also on leave of absence.

Miss Pate enjoyed a 48-hour leave from duty.

Miss Christine Holmes, of House 40, was transferred to Kennilworth Hospital, at Biltmore, North Carolina.

The Misses Brewster, McNeal, Robinson, Taft, Curtin, Heist and Davalos were transferred last week to Oteen, S. C.

"Algy, when are you going to ask father for my hand?"

"Next week, when he goes to Chicago."

"Huh?"

"I'll call him up on long distance."---Minneapolis Tribune.

Michael O'Flynn Writes An Instructive Letter To His Brother Barney In Oireland

Dear Barney:-

Begorra an' thim min fwat the Noos Papurs call min of soience do be afther sayin thot the wurrild is round, Now if the wurrild is round and not flat fwhy don't we all be afther falling off whin the top side is the bottom side, as it musht be whin the wurrild turns round. Faith an' we don't fall off whin the same ould wurrild shpins around on its axis, so thot is entoiirely enough proof thot the wurrild is flat an' not round, aven if it is round.

Shpaking of tne axis of the oirth; some ignorunt person will be loikely to ask fwat is a axis. Moine Shiminey, they same min of soience, only anither koind of soience, sez thot a axiom is somethin so simple thot it can't be proved, an' oi don't be afther conthradicting thim, but oi do be sayin' thot the axis of the oirth is so simple thot it can't be seen let alone be proved, an' therefore for the binifit of sich ignorunt persons, the axis is schust a short form of a axiom.

An' fwere do oi be gittin' all me knowlege, sez you; shure now didn't oi come all the way from ould Oireland to Ameriky, an' as travellin is educatin' fwhy wouldn't oi be educated, an' f oi'm educated, shure thin oi have knowlege.

Begorra yes, oi came out to this counthry from ould Oireland on the 4th of Juneyear in the year of Our Lord 19 hundred and freeze me to death.

An' its a great counthry, or as the native borrin of long shtanding moight say, some counthry this. An' grate things do be happenin' of which oi will relate you.

Its a barber oi am by perfeshun, an' also a firm belaver of advertizin'. Oi am also an invinter. Begorra sez you, fwat did oi invinted a hair tonic, an' if yez don't belave me whin oi say its good, listen to this, bejabers oi shpilled a bottle of thot hair tonic on the floor of me barber

shop an' shure nixt marnin' there was hair all ever the floor ave me shop. Yours thruly ontill nixt toime.

Michael.

The Four Little Nurses From Olney.

Four little nurses on war work were bent,
They to Camp Wadsworth, one by one were sent.

One little nurse, Miss McCown was she,
Started out in June and landed here you see;
She was very lonely with home so far away,
So the Surgeon-General surprised her in this way.

Two little nurses were needed there daily;
Down the list he looked and sent Miss Bailey;
They were just as happy as happy as could be,
When they sent another and then there were three.

Three little nurses from the same school,
Miss Moats being new they told her every rule;
They were nicely settled with just enough to do,
When along came "the Bug" and gave a lot the "Flu."

Nurses were needed more and more and more,
Miss Baker came to join them, then there were four;

Four little nurses enjoying many a tea,
One went home in January, then there were three.

Three little nurses feeling rather blue,
One got a discharge then there were two;
Two little nurses, each the other's chum,
The third has gone home now, leaving but one,

One little nurse can not sleep a wink,
What would you advise? What do you think?

Ruth Arlo Bailey.

"Why did you quit your job? Did you have a disagreement with the boss?"

"Oh, no, not at all. I told him I had to have more money or I would quit, and he said that was mutually satisfactory."---Boston Trav script.

Patients Given Outing

Seventy-five Patients of Number Forty-two Take Sight Seeing Trip To Hendersonville and Little Rock

THROUGH the kindness of the Y.M.C.A. of Spartanburg, and the Board of Trade of Hendersonville, 85 patients of this hospital were given a day's outing on June 6, 1919.

The men, including five officers from the Officer's Ward, left the hospital at 7:30 a. m., in conveyances for Spartanburg. There a special car was boarded, under the charge of Mr. Bushkin, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., with the assistance of one other "Y." man and twelve Red Cross canteen workers.

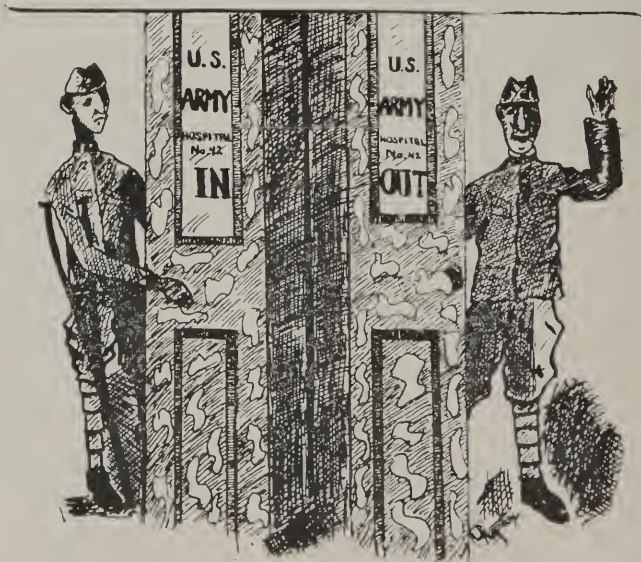
During the trip to Hendersonville, which was most pleasant, ice cream and cold drinks were served. As the result of a wreck on the road ahead, it delayed our arrival in Hendersonville about an hour and a half. At Hendersonville, there were numbers of automobiles donated through the extreme generosity of the Board of Trade and private individuals, which took the patients to Chimney Rock. Dr. Morse, who is proprietor of this place, extended the real Southern Hospitality in the serving of an excellent real Southern Dinner. The menu made up of fried chicken, rice and gravy, potatoes, green peas, pudding, ice cream, tea and coffee. In proof of the excellency of this menu, the dishes should have been seen. The only thing apparently left were the designs. Many of the patients climbed to the top of Chimney Rock where one could see the most gorgeous scenery for a distance of forty fifty miles. About 3 p. m., the return to Hendersonville was started, arriving there in time to board the special car back to Spartanburg. On return, again ice cream and soft drinks were served. When the men got back to Spartanburg, about 8 p. m., conveyances carried them to

the Finch Hotel, where a course dinner was served that would have tickled any one's palate.

Here an address was made by Mr. Bushkin, that the Y. M. C. A., of Spartanburg is trying to do everything possible for the men at this hospital, which is proven conclusively, the excellent trip given the men. He also remarked that it was not an act of charity, but an act of duty on the part of the Y. M. C. A. and the people of Spartanburg, in gratitude of the sacrifices that the men had made.

Several other addresses were made. A great deal of cheering and other demonstrative evidences by the patients proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, that they fully appreciated everything. Singing was indulged in, and all in all it was something that will never be forgotten.

The patients wish to thank the Y. M. C. A. of Spartanburg, the Board of Trade, of Hendersonville, and the Red Cross; for without their efforts, the trip would have been impossible.



Disabled Soldiers Training for Printers.

Washington, June 15---There is a demand for printers and machine operators in many publishing houses and newspaper offices. Fifty-two disabled soldiers are at present taking these courses under the direction of the Federal Board for Vocational Education; six of them are studying printing, eleven are taking typesetting, fifteen are preparing for linotype operators and eighteen for monotype operators, and two are studying lithography. The board trains men for linotype operators who have previously been in the printing trade. A few are taking this course who have had no previous experience, but they are required to take thorough-going preliminary training in the printing trade.

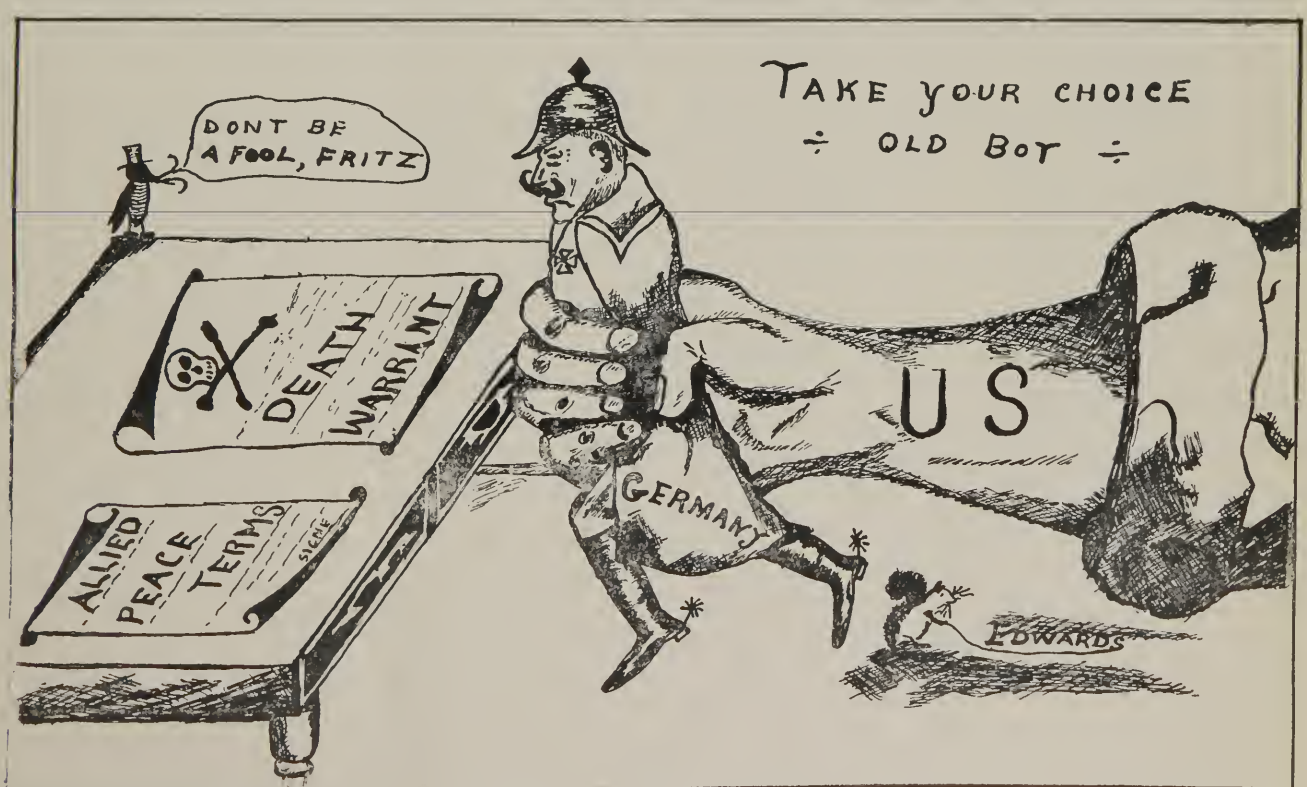
A former plumber received a gun shot wound in the right arm, and also lost his left eye in the Argonne Forest. His former trade was

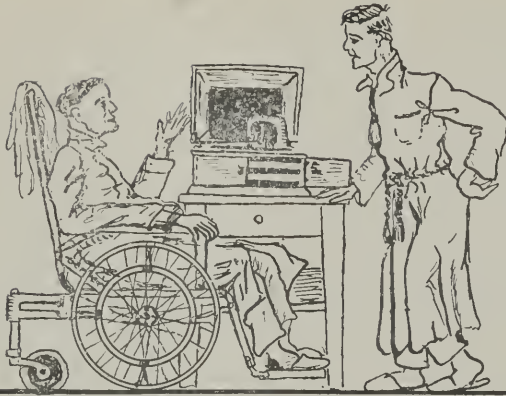
too hard for him, so he is preparing to be a linotype operator.

A typesetter, from a gun shot wound, lost a piece of his skull about the size of a dollar. Wearing a plate over the hole, this boy is learning to operate the linotype machine.

A Scotchman, living in America, who was a ranchman before he entered the service, has a stiff knee the result of a gun shot wound. During his convalescence at Lakewood, N. J., he took a six weeks course in linotype operating and is now continuing the course under the direction of the Board.

Patients at this hospital who have had experience in printing or who wish to take it up can get practical experience in press feeding and composition at the Reconstruction Printing Office here. Those interested may report at Reconstruction Headquarters.





WARD NEWS



Privates Davis, Chapman, Briggles, and Sgt Metzler of Ward 3 who were on the recent trip to Hendersonville are still talking about the wonderful time they had. Real Southern hospitality is what they term it.

Private Lulley of Ward 5 is quite original. He has made a beautiful watch fob out of various colored beads, and is working out his Divisional Insignia.

Girls take notice! Pvts. Guggel and Gainer are indisposed at present for reasons beyond their control. They will not have visitors for several days to come. One of the rules of Ward 8 is that a guard is needed continuously.

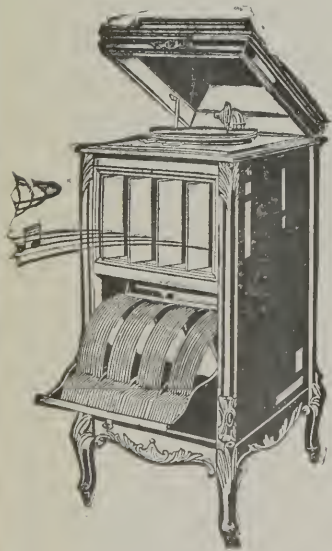
Private Sam Tevis, while at one of the recent boxing shows held at the Grandstand, became very enthusiastic about one of the performers, and during one of the mixups arose and cried out "Don't you dare hit dat man, you scatter all dem bugs."

The ranks of H-40 are fast being broken. During the past two weeks several of the nurses have been transferred to Oteen, N. C. and a few have been discharged. The Misses Sherman and Deeks left for their homes last Friday. All the girls miss them both.

It is reported that upon the arrival of the Regular Army men who are going to replace the present detachment, that each patient will be allowed two orderlies each.

The convalescent wards seemed rather dull for a few days after the last two groups of patients left here for demobilization centers, but they are again rapidly filling and before long there will be several groups to leave here again.

Corporal Jenkins of Ward 16 is of the opinion that a snail brought his discharge.



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Ward 16 Notes

Pvt. 1cl. Hicks has left on a fifteen day furlough for Charlotte, N. C. We can hardly blame him after the visit he received recently.

"Punch and Hunt" Smyth and "Put Put" Johnson were discharged June 11th, and we know the select society will miss them. Here's luck boys.

Pvt. Frank Watson has been talking a lot about a little Kentucky girl; Miss ??? (Never mind her name.) Here's hoping you see her soon, "Si."

Ward 16's happy family has increased recently by the arrival of Simpson, Riford, Mitchel, Ciriell and Farley. Hope you will like our ward boys.

We wonder where Corporal Pass went on a twenty-four hour pass June 10th. Better watch him, Sherlock.

"Si" Watson and "Keystone" Kopp are preparing for their debut into Spartanburg's select "sassiety," as substitutes for "Stenographic" Smyth and "Put Put" Johnson.

Society life is evidently too strenuous for Private Tagtmeir, as he is in bed today with a temperature. Why not try one date at a time, "Tag," old boy?

Corporal Pass has been "O. W. L." for a couple of days. Don't guess we can blame Pass for passing as an "owl" or "night hawk" considering the attraction.

Someone stole the milk that "Mama's Boy" had in the refrigerator. Someone also borrowed some of his eats. You naughty boys! Leave his things alone!

Jenkins and Smyth, two of Ward 16's "society bums" unfortunately were lost, strayed or stolen the other night somewhere in the north end district of the town. Finally a twinkle of lights, and voices nearby lured them to a negro

minstrel show. After the show they followed the crowd, eventually returning to civilization once more. Result: Very late on pass. Lecture. Next offense; ward 8.

Ward Surgeon: "Good luck, boy. You're going to be discharged tomorrow."

Patient: "Then I'll quit to-day. I never was discharged in my life."

Corporal Jenkins, Ward 16's stenographer, had the "dischargetis" until informed that his discharge was here, then he had the "happyitis." He is leaving soon for the wilds of North Carolina. Good bye, and good luck, John. May we all have that disease soon, and the complications too.

"Well, sometimes he's better an' sometimes he's worse, but from the way he growls an' takes on whin he's better. Oi think he's better whin he's worse."---Boston Transcript.

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Soulful Samuel's Sorrow

Or

The Adventure of the Missing Property

By D. Tecative



S OULFUL SAMUEL was in trouble, much trouble. It was Saturday morning; which was always a troublous time for Soulful, for with inspection, sanitary and otherwise, he was continually harassed. On this morning of all others, the patients could not get a word in edgewise, they had to be sick to be noticed at all. But the inspections were over. Still Samuel was troubled; he had checked up his property for the seventh time that week, and he was shy.

There was no question about it, he was shy a spoon, an ordinary teaspoon, almost silver-plated. To make matters worse, both the wardmaster and the nurse had confirmed his suspicions; he was shy. There was nothing to do; it was gone; absolutely gone.

"Sir," said Hungry Hans, the wardmaster, "Suppose I 'phone for that eminent man, Nick Carter. There is always a possibility that he might detect something sometime."

"We might try him, of course; but I doubt much if even he with his astute mind, can fathom the mystery of missing property from this or any other ward; however 'phone him; 'twill look well on the survey, and I would have them know that I am a careful man."

On receipt of the message, Nick disguised himself as a survey officer, took his transit from behind the door and left at once for the hospital.

He strode into the ward, and without a word, set up his instrument in the middle of the room. Deftly he measured the length, breadth and height of the ward, added them together,

divided by two, subtracted the amount of his fee and rushed into the kitchen.

Now in the kitchen was a patient detailed to the arduous duty of washing dishes. Long and faithfully he had worked, and he was still working. The eminent detecative strode over to him and accosted him thusly:

"You have worked here for three months, you will work here for three more months, but unless you take that lost spoon out of your pocket I will see that the orders relieving you are cancelled".

With a cry of joy that he was to be relieved, the culprit produced the lost spoon.

Turning to Soulful Samuel, Nick Carter remarked, quite casually: "There was nothing really difficult in the matter at all. It was perfectly plain that someone had the spoon. I merely bluffed him into believing that I was a Survey Officer and there you are. Very neat, if I do say it myself as shouldn't."

Quietly he departed, the ward settled down to its usual routine of getting well. After all it was a case of "Much Ado About Nothing," not by Bill Shakespeare however.

EDITOR'S NOTE.--At last it is possible to promise our readers a story that is full of thrills. Nick Carter for years without number has thrilled the old and young of the country with his doings. Without doubt he is the most famous and withal the most modest of our great detecatives and he has at last consented to let the story of his tracking criminals cease for a period. He has consented after much persuasion to tell the first part of an autobiography which we have, no doubt will thrill our many readers.

Hard Luck.

I went to a ten dollar doctor
With a thundering cold in my head;
He thumped on my chest, made a blood messine
test,
And "Go get your teeth out!" he said.
Despairing I went to another
Distinguished and costly M. D.
He looked up my nose through a section of hose,
And "Go get your teeth out!" said he.

I sought an expensive young surgeon,
Who put an X-ray on my spine,
Wrote down the amount of my leucocyte count
And told me to say "Ninety-nine!"
And when he had studied my tonsils
And tongue from above and beneath,
He said, "You must go to a dentist I know
And get him to pull out your teeth!"

A specialist next I consulted,
A master of medical art;
And striped to the bone, while a portable phone
He fastened just over my heart.
He listened for six or eight minutes,
Then gulped in an omnious way
And murmured "My lad your condition is bad.
Those teeth must come out right away!"

I shall leave all I have to my widow,
I know that is not a lot,
But she won't take it hard, for I'm only a bard,
And a little is all I have got.
Four doctors have sagely assured me
That inside of a week I'll be dead,
Beyond the last doubt, if my teeth don't come
out,
And, I haven't a tooth in my head.

"Our Willie."

A lady, by nickname of "Wille."
Who hails from old Picadilly
By rolling her eyes,
By glances, and sighs
Makes the men act exceedingly silly.

Do You Know 'Em?

There was a young fellow from France
Who took a long hospital chance;
He borrowed some sputum,
Which he thought would suit 'em,
And now he can't go to the dance.

There was a young man from Carlisle
With a grouch as long as a mile;
He met Captain Bucklew,
And read B-i-a-n-d F-o-r-y-u,
And now he can't wipe off the smile.

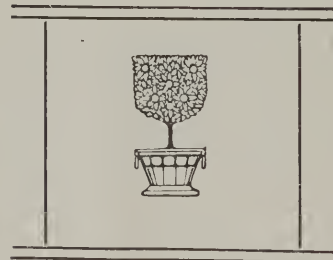
There was a young fellow named Ned,
Too weak to sit up in a bed;
They inspected his woes
From his heels to his nose,
And they found that 'twas all in his head.

There was a young private named Crone,
For a discharge he'd sigh and he'd groan;
He sat down and cried,
While the other boys tried,
Now he's left in the ward all alone.

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Spartanburg, S. C.

A Lift From Sgt. Johnson

Among the patients just arriving at this hospital, Biand Foryu is indeed glad to have become acquainted with Sgt. Ernest F. Johnson, who hails from Hartley, Iowa.

Sergeant Johnson is a printer of broad experience, having been connected with The Hartley Sentinel and other publications of his home state, before coming in the service.

Sergeant Johnson had been at Forty-two less than two days when he got his fingers back in the ink, and the amount of work in the shop here has kept them there.

Sergeant Johnson has been in the service since June, of 1916. During his service overseas with the 11th Machine Gun Battalion, he spent most of his time on enemy territory. He saw service also in France and Alsace Lorraine. Before going oversea, Sergeant Johnson trained

at Camp Dodge, Camp Dix, Fort Brown, Fort Des Moines, and Camp Cody.

Hospital Students Club Organized.

A Hospital Student's Club has been organized by enlisted men of the detachment. The club is organized to study the Bible and Current Topics. On Tuesday evening June 10th, Major Johnson spoke to the men and all present were very glad to have heard the address. Major Johnson is a lawyer of twenty years experience, and the men are anxious that the program committee secure his services again.

The club meets each Tuesday evening at 7:30, at the home of Chaplain Stipe to study in an informal way a course in the Bible prescribed by the Y. M. C. A. Chaplain Stipe has been elected teacher of the club. Whenever it is possible, a speaker will be secured to speak to the men on some current subject, at which time the meetings will be held in the Y. M. C. A.

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A Word From Edwards

Edward Edwards, formerly a patient in Ward 28, at this hospital writes from Denver, Colorado: "I took sick at Kansas City and arrived here a stretcher case. I am feeling pretty good now. This is a fine place in regards to the buildings and climate. Give my regards to all at Wadsworth."

There is one patient in this hospital who doesn't think it is quite warm enough these balmy days. Private Long of Ward 3 wears a heavy Red Cross Sweater, an O. D. shirt and an O. D. blouse throughout the day. Evidently something wrong here. One more applicant to Ward 36.

Private Lugibihl of Ward No. 4 who went on the recent trip to Hendersonville drank some of the North Carolina Mountain Water, but seemed to show the same effects as though he had partaken of the brew usually sold in bond.

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Greatest Value Store---It's the Store
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*For bite or sup of food the best
The New York Restaurant
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Of delicacies there is no end
And coffee--just the finest
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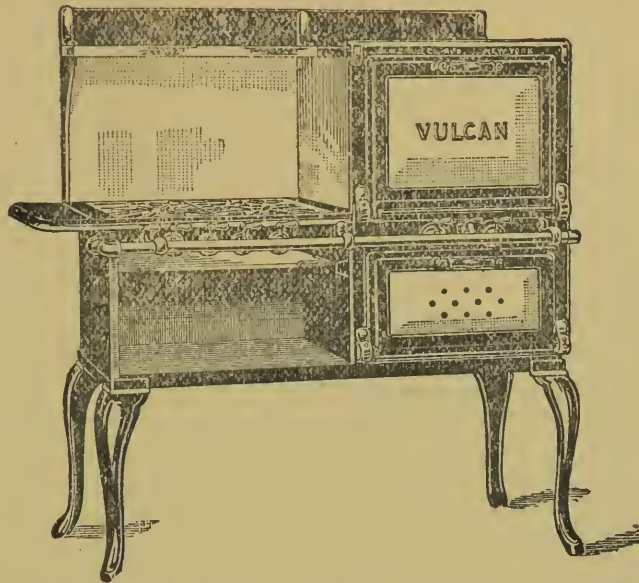
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The Thor Electric Washing Machine will do a good size washing in an hour, at a cost of only 2 cents for electricity.

Yes, Madam, that is actually all it will cost if you let the Thor do your work.

South Carolina Light, Power & Railway Company

Phone 700

Spartanburg, South Carolina



SPARTANBURG is located at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, on the main line of the Southern Railway (Washington-Atlanta and Charleston-Cincinnati); southern terminus of Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio Railroad; northern terminus of Charleston and Western Carolina Railroad (branch of Atlantic Coast Line); Piedmont & Northern. Is within a few hours of the largest markets, the Atlantic Coast, and coal fields of Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky; borders on the beautiful "Land of the Sky" of Western North Carolina. Has service without change to New York, Cincinnati, Jacksonville, Charleston, Birmingham, New Orleans, San Francisco.

Sixty passenger trains in and out of Spartanburg daily.

Population, within incorporate limits, 25,000; including suburbs, 35,000.

Health Record the Best. No malaria, low mortality. See record of Camp Wadsworth, unsurpassed by any camp in the United States.

Climate of no extremes. Average rainfall 54 inches, average temperature 61 degrees.

Water soft and pure, originating from mountain streams. The water plant is municipally owned, and has a daily pumping capacity of ten million gallons. Water is filtered and chlorinated, and met every government requirement during the war period, and is largely responsible for the wonderful health record of Camp Wadsworth. The present equipment is sufficient to supply a city several times the size of Spartanburg.

Paved Sidewalks over 100 miles. Paved street over 12 miles.

Spartanburg is supplied by three hydro-electric power companies. Street railway and Interurban lines, over 20 miles in operation, not including the electric line to Greenville, Anderson and Greenwood.

Commission form of City Government. City tax valuation 1918, \$10,394,053, an increase of 34 per cent, since 1915.

Highway crossing of National and Appalachian Highways. The county is now expending for highway improvement a bond issue of \$1,000,000. Federal aid has been granted on several projects.

Banking Facilities—The City of Spartanburg has eight banks with total deposits March 4, 1919, \$7,263,000. Total resources March 4, 1919, \$11,482,000, an increase in four years of 87 per cent.

There are 17 County banks, with deposits of \$2,074,000. Grand total for 25 City and County banks, deposits \$3,327,000. Grand total resources, City and County, \$13,723,000. Spartanburg went "over the top" in each of the five Liberty Loan campaigns.

Cotton Mills—Spartanburg County has 27 mills. These mills have 834,000 spindles 20,600 looms employ 9,000 operatives, pay a yearly wage of \$6,000,000, consume 147,000 bales of cotton valued at \$15,000,000, producing an annual product valued at \$35,000,000. Capital invested \$14,600,000.

Spartanburg has one-sixth of the spindles in South Carolina, and leads the entire South.

Spartanburg County raised last year 68,000 bales of cotton valued at \$9,500,000, and manufactured more than twice that amount.

Every facility for religious and social uplift. Beautiful Churches, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., four hospitals, with a fifth under construction (General County Hospital, costing \$100,000). Traveling Men's Organizations, Country Club, Rotary Club, County Fair.

Eight public school buildings, value, with lots, \$375,000. Number of teachers employed, 85. Total enrollment 1917-18, 4,719. Bonds voted for the erection of \$200,000 High School building.

Spartanburg was the first city in the State to introduce Domestic Science in the High School: the first to adopt and enforce a Compulsory Attendance law; the first to introduce Medical Inspection in the schools.

Wofford College for young men—400 students. Converse College for young women—400 students. The home of the South Atlantic States Music Festival. Several preparatory schools for boys and girls. Cecil's Business College.

Spartanburg is abundantly supplied with hotels, catering to every requirement of the most exacting. Second fireproof hotel is now in process of construction.

First National Bank

Established 1871

Spartanburg, S. C.